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The CENTRE OF VISION

MARCH

MONTHLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL

1906

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LAST SUPPER

Monastery of Santa Maria Delle Grazie, Milan

CENTRE of VISION

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Motto

The True Measure of Life

We live in deeds, not years; in
thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a
dial.
We should count time by heart=
throbs, when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He
most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the
noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end
— that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all
things,— God.

— P. J. Bailey

Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;
Sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Reminiscences of the Deacon House

Deristhe L. Hoyt

A few weeks ago, while giving a lecture before the History of Painting Class, a former pupil of the school came to see me. She was much pleased by the attentive faces of the pupils, and begged permission to say a few words to them. In doing this, she made an allusion to the "dear old Deacon House" that awakened the interest of the members of the class, and caused the editor of the CENTRE OF VISION to ask me to write this paper.

The Deacon House was built about 1850 by a Mr. Deacon, of Boston. He had lived abroad many years, and, returning home, judged that the southerly part of Washington street,—broad and then comparatively free from houses,—would sometime become a fine residential section of Boston. He purchased the land lying on Washington street, between Concord and Worcester streets and extending back to Shawmut avenue, and proceeded to plant trees and erect buildings. For this he employed a French architect.

A brief description in a "Memorial Book of Boston" says: "It was a villa of the *deuxieme classe*, as the French would say, built of brick, and set in an ample enclosure, with square entrance lodge, stables, etc., carried out in a style of great completeness. Its plan was admirable, the disposition of rooms being generous and noble, on a scale very unusual in this country, and its exterior was marked by great simplicity and breadth."

My knowledge of the existence of the Deacon House (since I am not a born Bostonian) began with reading in a Boston newspaper of a now-forgotten date a short description of it, joined to the advertisement of an unusually rich and attractive sale of pictures, furniture, hangings, etc., that would shortly take place there.

It seemed like a fairy tale to read of a house right here in Boston, shut up for years, which was crowded with furniture that had been used by the unhappy Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and other royal families of France, and whose walls were hung with almost priceless French pictures, brocades, and tapestries. Still more fairy-like, or eerie, rather,

He that riseth late shall trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.—*Franklin.*

were other items regarding the house which followed notices of the sale. It seemed that people of the neighborhood looked upon it with some suspicion. School children avoided it, or else looked at the stately house, environed by high brick walls, with awe. At night, it was said, ghostly finger-tips had sometimes been seen moving over heavy plate-glass windows, behind rich lace curtains. In short, the Deacon House had won the reputation of being a haunted house.

Much interested, I sought all the information possible to obtain regarding it; and among other articles, I stumbled upon Mrs. Abba G. Woolson's thrilling ghost story, in her "Browsing Among Books," entitled "An Evening at the Deacon House." Surely this was something most solemnly fascinating to a lover of everything weird and superstitious.

My first visit to the Deacon House was in company with Walter Smith, then principal of our Art School, in the spring of 1880. The school must move from School street, and several houses were under consideration of the trustees. After taking me to two or three of these, Mr. Smith drove to the Deacon House, and I fully acquiesced with him in the opinion that this was by far the most fitting,—indeed, that none other would do. A secluded house, with unhindered light and air, seemed paradise compared with Pemberton square and School street, where we had been hitherto.

At this time the estate had been lessened more than one-half. A narrow street (then Deacon street) ran close behind the house; and the space between this and Shawmut avenue was filled. But on Washington street, between Concord and Worcester streets, it was unchanged. Behind high brick walls stood the stately house, between wide, green spaces filled with beautiful shade trees.

In the autumn of 1880 the Normal Art School came hither. It numbered about 300 pupils. Walter Smith, its principal, Messrs. Bartlett, Fuchs, Patten, Briggs, Vonnoh, Carter, and Misses Carter and Hoyt composed its Faculty.

On the first floor of the house the richly-decorated drawing-rooms, library, and dining-room gave studios to Class B. The conservatory

Continued on page 140.

"Nothing on earth is more pathetically pitiable than the funny man when he still tries, and succeeds no longer."

Art and the Schools of Armenia

The following was written to the editor in answer to a letter from him inquiring into the art of the Armenian people. It was written by Malcolm V. Malconian, of Amherst College.

Constantinople, Turkey, February 28, 1906.

My dear Roy: Your interesting letter of February 10 arrived yesterday noon. I was very happy to hear from you, and to learn that you were so well and in good cheer. After reading it several times, I sat by my study window, which overlooks the luxuriant steeps of the Thracian Bosphorus, and fell into a deep reverie. Once more my thoughts carried me back to pleasant scenes; once more the dear faces of friends in America appeared before my eyes as vividly as if they were actually present. Just think, Roy, only two months ago I was returning from college to spend the Christmas vacation with you. It seems as though I can now hear ma's kind greetings from the head of the stairs; pa welcoming me in a businesslike manner; "Sunny" squeezing my hand for all his worth; and you approaching me with a laugh, and holding in one hand your mandolin, whose strings have just produced the last lingering, melodious notes of "The Waves." What a blessed thing it is that in the forlorn hours of the evening, sweet memories of happier days gone by come to cheer our lonely hearts!

Among other things, you ask if we have any public schools in Constantinople, and whether drawing is a popular study. Yes, there are numerous private and public institutions of learning in Constantinople. When I speak of "public schools," do not understand them to be such as you have in Boston, because they are not supported or maintained by the government. They are public so far as they have been established for the use of the people. Unlike the schools in the United States, every student must provide himself with the required text-books and pay an annual tuition. The number of Armenian schools in this city is estimated to be forty, attended by 5,419 pupils (3,060 girls and 2,359 boys). Besides these, there is Robert College, the most advanced and popular institution in this part of the world; the Armenian Central College of

Constantinople; and Berberian College at Seutari, where Greek as well as Latin is taught, and whose diploma, equivalent to B. A., is recognized by Ottoman universities.

The method of instruction in these schools is very similar to that found in most of the civilized countries of Europe. In 1898 the Central Board of Education of the Armenian nation adopted the French curriculum of subjects of study. For this purpose the best pedagogical commentaries of French superintendents and educators have been translated into Armenian. Reading, writing, geography, Ottoman history, physics and mathematics, Romance languages, English and German, music, modeling and drawing, gymnastics, and needle work for girls are the principal studies in the schools of Constantinople. For drawing skilful artists are employed, who come here for study and research. The students are instructed in pencil, water and oil color works. I have seen some excellent pictures by young Armenian pupils, who seem to have a keen perception and appreciation of the beautiful and the artistic. Most of our great artists, however, are in Paris. Let me quote from a French monthly: "The Armenian artists of Paris were well represented at the salons of the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts and the Societe des Artistes Francais. At the former Messrs. A. Chobanian, E. Chahine, and Z. Zakarian exhibited some very beautiful paintings. At the latter Mr. S. Beguian exhibited a charming statuette of a child; Mr. Leon Kurkjian showed a very suggestive picture, entitled 'Sans Ouvrage'; and Mr. Naroukian an imposing bust of a Roman page. Add to these a frame containing two exquisite medals by Mr. Herant Bender; also a model villa by Teridate Yozgatlian, an architect." Notice how numerous and varied are the Armenian works of art. You will perhaps be interested to know that the painter who calls himself "Garo," and who won one of the prizes at the St. Louis Exposition, is an Armenian. There are others, but it is difficult to say much about them, because they have changed their name for convenience' sake, and it is hard to ascertain their nationality.

The city of Constantinople offers to the inquisitive artist as many beautiful spots and places as Florence or Rome. This ancient metropolis

was once the glory of Europe; the Paris, Berlin, London, and New York of the Old World. Situated upon seven hills, it commands a view which cannot be found anywhere else. The appellation Bosphorus, a name celebrated in history as well as in the fables of antiquity, was given to this sea because of the winding channel through which the swift waters of the Euxine flow. The spacious harbor of Constantinople received, in a very remote period, the epithet "Golden Horn." The word golden was expressive of the riches which every wind wafted from the most distant regions into the safe and secure port of the Imperial City. The old castles built by the Greek emperors, and later restored by the Mohammedan conquerors, stand on the narrowest part of the channel. Tradition preserves the memories of these and other palaces, of obscene harpies, of the combats of Cestus, and of the crossing of Darius 2,000 years before the reign of Mohamet the Second. But these historic surroundings are not the only things which give significance to this city. Constantinople was once the home of Grecian art, literature, and sculpture. Within the ruined walls which encircle the city on each side of the harbor, one finds the remains of ancient temples, palaces, and public institutions, which are considered to be the corner stones of modern architecture and painting. St. Sophia, the idol of the Greeks, and which is now used by the ignorant Turks as a mosque, represents a structure whose grandeur and magnificence surpasses anything I have seen. I hope you will have the opportunity to see it and other places of interest in the near future.

I wish you were here to take a glance out of my window. From my desk I can look out upon the calm waters of the sea near by, the blue hills in the distance, and the mellow rays of the sinking sun, which dart out from behind some dark, thin clouds, and give to the whole atmosphere a peculiarly beautiful color. I suppose it's about dawn in Somerville now. Ma soon will be up to prepare breakfast. You will be gone to school while I am asleep.

Kindly remember me to all at home and at the Massachusetts Normal Art School. You know who they are. Give my best regards and wishes to them.

Yours sincerely,

Malcolm.

Annie Friend Rogers, Editor

The Last Supper

"Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work; the calm, ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Savior's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
A labor worthy of eternal youth!"

—Wordsworth.

This poem was written by Wordsworth just after a visit to the Monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, where he had seen "The Last Supper," that wonderful picture by Leonardo da Vinci, a copy of which forms the frontispiece in this issue of the CENTRE OF VISION.

"At the present time, this picture, painted in oils on plaster, is almost ruined. It has been inundated by water; it has been restored;

then these restorations have been removed as far as possible. A doorway has been cut, taking off the Saviour's feet, and yet, in spite of all, the power of the great master's conception is still present."

It is said that no other modern sculptor has attempted such a colossal work as the Centaur group by Gustav Crauk, mentioned in a biographical sketch of the sculptor in the February number of the CENTRE OF VISION. This group belongs to the heroic period of the Italian Renaissance, when Michael Angelo dreamed of converting a mountain promontory into a statue!

"For many years," said Monsieur Crauk, "I was haunted by my conception of this group. No sculptor had employed the three actors in the tragedy. For five years I struggled with my composition—then I gave up in despair. 'It is impossible to arrange the three figures in classic lines,' I told myself. 'That is why it has never been attempted,' and I strove to forget it, but the subject had taken such possession of my mind that this was equally impossible. At last I recommenced the entire group. From early morning until late at night I worked without ceasing, until I finally discovered the proportions, the positions that harmonized." Upon the completion of this great work, the giant constitution of Monsieur Crauk gave way. For six months he lay between life and death. As soon as he recovered sufficiently to return to his studio, he determined to reproduce his group in marble. No solid block of sufficient size could be found in France. On his ordering it from Carrara, the authorities sent word that it was impossible to transport such an immense block—no railway could sustain the weight! He then forwarded the exact dimensions of his figures, and the marble cutters of Carrara blocked out the group, thus diminishing the weight sufficiently for transportation. Twenty oxen were employed to drag it to the station! When finally it arrived in Paris, the police informed him that they could not permit it to be taken to his studio, as it would break all the pavements en route. Having some influence at headquarters, he was able to overcome their objections, and the precious marble was at last safely installed in his studio.

"Man was created first, but woman came a second after and asked him how long he had been waiting."

It was Sandow who posed for the man's figure in this group. He was not a professional model. It just happened that he found himself in Paris, with no money in his pocket. He could speak no French, and was in despair, when he happened to see the name of Gustav Crauk; thinking that he was a German, Sandow decided to ask him for employment, and, said Gustav Crauk, "I fairly dragged him into my atelier and began to work. He was the very man for whom I was searching! Providence has always sent me models when I most needed them. Even with Sandow, my group would not have succeeded had I not found a young woman who was as strong as she was beautiful. You can imagine how terrible her pose was, with her head hanging over the Centaur's arm. In spite of her great strength, she could only sustain it three minutes; even then it was dangerous, as the blood rushed to her brain, and she found it almost impossible to breathe."

The following quotation tells us of the unselfish life of one of Monsieur Crauk's models. His name was Dubosc; his death occurred in 1877:—

"Painters and sculptors can alone realize the close tie which exists between artist and model, the aid given a master by one who knows how to pose, who has patience and courage in sustaining difficult positions—above all, when he possesses beauty of form and color with which to inspire the master. Our model had the head and bearing of an old soldier, full of concentrated energy. Three times a day he posed during a seance of four hours! He was simply indefatigable, remaining motionless in the most difficult position, until the artist insisted on his resting. Masters and students alike appreciated his devotion to art (it was his genuine admiration for the work which they were accomplishing that inspired his efforts), yet unhappily they misunderstood his desire to earn money. Every one regarded him as a miser, and preferred the gay models who squandered their money day by day—and when too old to pose, threw themselves in the Seine! But Dubosc was not hoarding his gains for himself. He had witnessed the terrible sufferings of some of the most talented of our artists—young men whose families were too poor to assist them when, fired by their passion for art, they left their

homes in the provinces to come to Paris and study. While competing for 'le grand prix,' which would secure them a few years of quiet work in Italy, they starved and froze in their poor attics. But this was not the worst—one could do with little food, go to bed without a candle, sleep in a garret! But models must be hired at all cost—and for this a hundred dollars, at least, was necessary. After sixty years of faithful servitude, the old model left his little fortune to the Beaux Arts—the interest to be paid each year to young artists while competing for the prix de Rome! Thanks to his economy, they need no longer dread those terrible days of hunger and privation."

The king of Portugal, as is well known, is a water-color painter of some real talent. He has just been showing his friends some of his work in Paris, of which Raoul Aubry is kind enough to write in Le Temps:—

"It seems that Dom Carlos has had a severe training in drawing, too severe, he thought himself, at the time that his teacher made him begin the same study ten times over, to punish him for not paying attention enough to details. This master, Mr. Fonseca of the Lisbon Academy of Fine Arts, did not trifle with his royal pupil. Dom Carlos was fifteen years old at the time, and for four years his instructor would not let him paint, but at the end of that period he presented him with a box of colors and brushes, saying: 'Monsignor may now amuse himself at his leisure. He is a master draughtsman; he will perhaps become a master water-colorist.'"

Since his twentieth year Dom Carlos has made painting his favorite recreation. It is true that a king, even of Portugal, has not as much liberty as people think, consequently he has no time to undertake big compositions, necessitating prolonged and serial sessions of work, but he usually manages in the course of the year to execute a dozen or so water-colors, five or six pastels, and fifteen to twenty sepia drawings, which he usually gives away to a few favored friends as Christmas presents.

There will be an exhibition of the paintings of Charles W. Hudson from March 12 to 26, in the gallery of Dunton & Gardner.

"Every good deed helps make a track for others."

An Echo from Olympus

It was Saturday night. The last sweeper had turned out the lights and left the building. The silence and solitude became the more oppressive every hour. A dim light, coming from nowhere at all, just sufficed to show the outlines of objects in the deserted corridor.

In the semi-darkness the great Venus shone supernaturally white. A low sound like a sigh came from her lips, and with a strong, graceful gesture, she spoke, "My friend, Discobolus, are you awake?"

From behind the pillar a movement and an answer, "Yes, Miss de Milo, but why do you sigh?"

"Have I not reason to sigh? I, who spent my youth under the influence of Athenian culture, expect much from the people of the American Athens. Yet here, day after day, as I watch over the men and maidens who throng this hall, I am compelled to listen to such as this: 'I want you should'; 'Listen at this'; 'This low, that tall'; 'Play like this has a ——'; 'If you don't be good.' One would think that Art had driven Grammar from her throne."

"'Tis even so," replied the voice from behind the pillar, "and 'tis not speech alone that robs me of my peace. For ages I have shaken my finger at the strange manners, or rather lack of them, that mar the good appearance of many of these same men and maidens. Can it be that in this modern age the soul of a gentleman cannot dwell within the heart of an artist?"

"No, no. The world has changed since first we made our marble presence felt, but men and women remain the same through all the centuries. 'Tis only the tyrant Doasothersdo that has tightened his grasp upon them. Let them but break the bonds by which he holds them captive, let good Dame Nature govern again their willing hearts, and speech and manners will need no rule."

"You speak in enigmas, fair Venus. But, by my disc, I long with you for Nature's reign," and the ancient athlete knitted his brows more firmly.

Then from under the helmet of Minerva, "I bow my head to the wisdom of Venus. Let us wait in patience for return of Nature."

"To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie."

The Queen of Beauty broke the silence that followed this remark. "Well, anyhow, wouldn't it wiggle yer? Ta, ta. Skidoo for mine." And in the confusion of protests from the plaster people, she laughed so hard that she cracked in two, and if you don't believe it you can see the crack.

And now, my dear nephews and nieces, listen to the moral of my tale, and eat no more indigestible food late at night.

Uncle Martin.

Communication from Augustus Saint-Gaudens

Writing for the January number of the American Student of Art, Augustus Saint-Gaudens says: "I am extremely averse to writing anything for publication, but it goes without saying that I am a most earnest well-wisher to the art students of America. The older I grow, the more and more I am convinced that as thorough and adequate training can be had here as abroad, that the work by the students here is equal to that produced by those in Europe, and that belief in this by the students will help greatly in their education. Of course, Europe, with its wealth and glory of art, must be seen and imbibed sooner or later. That also goes without saying, but I believe for the American the best time for that is after he has had a sound academical foundation here. It is time to realize that the training here is excellent, and that we are constantly adding to the list of men of high achievement whose education has been at home."

The American Free Art League, represented in Washington most effectively by Myron E. Pierce, of Boston, has made such headway in its campaign of education that Representative William Alden Smith, of Michigan, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and a conspicuous "stand-pater," has agreed to introduce the league's bill. Many members of the committee assert their willingness to support this legislation when next the tariff is overhauled, which seems likely to be soon.

Health

Air and Light

Edited by Dr. C. S. Butler

Because air and light are provided so plentifully by Nature, we are led to undervalue the benefits derived from them. We are led to overlook the fact that they are absolutely necessary to our existence. Have you ever noticed a plant grown in the dim light of a cellar with only what moisture could be absorbed from the atmosphere? How stunted and weak it looks! Human beings who grow under like conditions have the same look. Experiments have been tried proving that disease germs will thrive under black cloth where they will perish in the light. This should be a warning to us to live in the sunlight and be well.

It seems almost needless in this enlightened day to say that oxygen is necessary to make good blood. But when one sees how much the fact is ignored, and when one reads the advertisements of medicine for "making blood," one is compelled to reiterate the necessity for pure air. It is a fallacy when people say night air is dangerous. In reality the night air is usually as pure as in the day, and except for the absence of sunlight, is as healthful to breathe. But foul air, whether found in a schoolroom or a swamp, is always bad. When we realize how our good health and growth depend on fresh air and sunlight, we shall also realize the importance of getting all of both we can. We spend one-third our lives asleep at night; hence the necessity of care in regard to fresh air, not only in daytime, but also at night.

"It is better to seek perfection in others than to fancy it in yourself."

Alumni Notes

Fred V. Cann, Editor
Adams, Massachusetts

Well, March marched in like a lion, all right. Let us hope its exit will be more ladylike.

Last month we heard from a number of the Alumni. Let us hear from more. Where are the class of 1904?

Miss Elizabeth Allen is supervising in Turners Falls, Mass.

I quote from the last Philistine, and if you have not already read the whole preachment, it will be worth your while to do so. It begins:—

"Emerson says that ten men saved Kansas for the Union. He might have said one.

"Fourteen men made Athens the wonder of the world; but without Pericles, probably the beauty of Athens would have been intangible, and the cupids would have remained forever locked in their blocks of marble.

"Within a hundred years a city the equal of Athens will be reproduced and better, possibly in America.

"Where this ideal city will be, no man can say. But this holds: We have in America a growing hunger for beauty, a reaching out for the ideal, a great desire to express harmony. Through this desire will be created cities that will surpass anything the world has ever seen.

"The prophecy is safe, for while the world has always had individual artists, yet it has not had the material wealth nor the practical men to recreate the poet's dreams in stone, iron, or enduring bronze.

"But now we are evolving men who are both artists and business men—dreamers and doers—men whose heads are in the clouds, but whose feet are upon the earth."

"Why is a Freshman like a telescope?" "Because you can draw him out and see right through him." "Yes, but you can't shut him up."—Ex.

JKB

EDITORIALS

"If it comes in like a lion, it goes out like a lamb," is the thought expressed as March, that chilliest of all winter months, comes around. To some it means merely the tearing of another sheet from the calendar; to others it provides a new excuse for "bundling up"; while to a few it brings fresh enjoyment in the study of a new and varied phase of Nature. To these last it is the month of the bluebird, the "fair herald of the coming spring," and with characteristic optimism they find the lion at the beginning and the lamb at the close. Has it a meaning for us, and if so, is this meaning worthy of our work and ourselves?

As the months pass, we continue to ask ourselves if the paper is doing what it should for the welfare of the school. If it is, we trust that we may develop and increase that good, but if in any particular we are in error will not some kind Samaritan put us on the right road? The aim in this work, as in life, should be perfection. Ben Jonson writes:—

"In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

If in a small measure such a goal could be attained in our work, we would feel well repaid.

Why should one go abroad to become an artist? Why cannot one be successful without that education? The quotation from Augustus Saint-Gaudens on page 135 proves that the American does not necessarily need that foreign training if he is thoroughly educated in the Art schools of his own country. Brace up! There is hope for those who cannot go across the water.

We have added four pages to the paper this month, and would like to make it a permanent addition—shall we? It all lies with you!

The cut opposite Editorials is from a composition for a Saturday Evening Post cover, and is the work of Bonnar, of Mr. Major's division.

"I have had many troubles in my life and most of them never happened."

Reminiscences of the Deacon House

Continued from page 126

across one entire end became a palatial abode for Class D, and the long, wide hall, once hung with golden brocaded stuffs (erstwhile the property of the Montmorency family), was the rendezvous of the pupils in their leisure minutes; while the exquisite "Marie Antoinette boudoir" became the proud and exclusive possession of Miss Carter and Miss Hoyt.

On the second floor were the magnificent office of the principal (the especial abiding-place of the ghost) and large chambers with balconied windows, used for Classes A and C; while yet above was the billiard room, with high, dark, oaken wainscoting and brilliant frescoes, which became the general lecture hall.

During the seven years the school was in this home, many changes occurred in its Faculty. Miss Carter resigned, and Miss Bailey was appointed in her stead. Mr. Vonnoh left us to go to Paris, and Mr. Munsell (a pupil of the school) took his place. Dear Arthur Patten, beloved by teachers and pupils, died. Mr. Briggs resigned. Walter Smith, head of the school from its beginning, resigned his position, and Mr. Fuchs, having served as acting principal for a year, received the appointment, only to resign it immediately to accept the directorship of Maryland Institute, Baltimore. G. H. Bartlett was then appointed principal in September, 1883. Mr. Cross (a pupil of the school) was chosen to fill Mr. Fuchs' position as instructor of Class C.

During its first years here, the school passed through grave crises, and her life was much endangered. But the courage and overcoming zeal of advisers, teachers, and pupils bore her safely through, and she became all the more worthy and prosperous, because all hearts became more united and all hands, joined in her behalf, grew stronger for the union, and the love all bore her grew apace.

We became one great family in this home. A delightful epoch in the school's history followed—after her struggle for existence and before she grew to be one of the great institutions of our country.

Among the pupils during these years were quite a large number not now unknown to fame. Sculptors, painters, and educators whose work

"Of the five senses, common-sense and a sense of humor are the rarest."

is widely known to-day studied here. Any one interested in looking at the school catalogue will find many names between the dates of 1880 and 1887 of which the school will always have good reason to be proud; names which, to those who were then in the school, are synonyms of earnest work and noble influence.

There was a delicious, romantic air in the Deacon House. We hugged all the old legends of the place to our hearts, fully believed in the ghost, of which we were rather proud, and recognized its right to every ghostly privilege. This invisible inmate of our family gave no annoyance to any save our janitor, Peter, him whom Mr. Sweeney has immortalized in the heroic bust, "Afric Aroused," now the property of Class D; our valiant Peter, who, with his wife and child (so it was whispered), never made their nightly transit from basement to attic save hand in hand. In this way, protected by each other, they would glide noiselessly upward, over the broad staircase, past Mr. Bartlett's fateful room, into safe, unhaunted quarters.

Nowhere else had there been found such a social atmosphere. What was more natural than that the school sketch club, after hours of happy work, should assemble for afternoon tea in the water-color studio—the old dining-room—and make merry within the warm glow of its crimson walls? And in no other place could the bright, dainty, dancing figures of the schoolgirls in their evening gowns make such bewitching pictures as in these high-ceiled, richly-colored rooms, with their corners full of dusky shadows.

Indeed, if I mistake not, our school may claim the honor of being leader of the fancy-costume party movement now rather distinctive of Boston art circles. And it was here in the Deacon House that the first party was held. We all felt the fascination of the scene, when our dear knights, cavaliers, and noble ladies of olden times trod stately measures or threaded their way in swift dances, amidst statues of Hermes, Jupiter, Olympus, and a host of other deities, whose whiteness gleamed through graceful foliage, but we did not dream that the event might become of historic interest. We even had a Christmas party one year, and Mr. Bartlett dispensed many gifts to smiling recipients,—gifts to the selection

A man in earnest finds means ; or, if he cannot find, creates them.— *Channing.*

of which no end of thought and fun had been given throughout the school.

But, pleasant as this was, the house was not all an art school building should be, and the family was fast outgrowing it. So hither one day came Senator Marden, his kind face even more smiling than usual, to tell us that the state legislature had finally decided that the school had earned its right to a proper building of its own, and had voted money for its erection on the corner of Newbury and Exeter streets.

Of course we were delighted, but ah! there would be some regret in the change. For this had been such a dear school-home! Such happy, arduous, successful work with high endeavor had been wrought within its walls! Such sweet companionships and sacred friendships that would reach all through life had grown here!

We took the memory of all this away with us when, in the spring of 1887, we bade good-by to the Deacon House.

And these are a few of the reminiscences which gave such tender inflection to Mrs. Gaylord's voice as she spoke the other day of the "dear old Deacon House."

Poor, unfortunate house! Dishonored, she stands today, every vestige of her once proud individuality gone, crowded close by common buildings. When occasion takes me that way, I avert my eyes and call up memories of that which once was.

"Once a Freshman was cast on an African shore,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
And they served up that Freshman in slices on toast
On the eve of that very same day.
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
And before the next morning was seen;
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
For that Freshman was terribly green."

—Exchange.

It is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—*Mathews.*

Class Notes

'06

Rita B. Grant Isabel Harrington

Great excitement in the studio. What can it all be about? Why, haven't you heard of the great surprise? Congratulations are in order. With heartiest feeling we extend to our friend and schoolmate, Annie (Benson), as we have known her, our most sincere wishes for every happiness and a life of pleasure. Did Cupid bring the pink pinks?

The Portrait Class has had the pleasure of painting three representatives of one family, Josephine, Joe, and Joe, Jr. Evidently posing is in their line, and they are in ours.

Absolutely nothing happened in the Design Class this month. Since when have they become so tame?

Only three months more to show the stuff you're made of. Classmates, let's try to leave a pleasant memory.

Mr. Farnum is still away. "Dere pappa i am beeing good, but I wish you would come back."

Pose drawing in the P. S. C. Models range from small children to large monkeys. Inquire of Miss Harris.

'07

Louise M. Webb Edward A. Fox

It is now drawing toward the spring. What have we to show for our time at school? There are numbers being graduated from this school every year. Have they all jobs?

Mr. Hamilton suggested that we implore the Faculty to supply his studio with some whole window shades. He would get the hearty support of the members of his studio should he take any steps in that direction.

When in doubt, leave it out.

Be careful of your attachments.

A few more verses for "Timmy Um" would be very acceptable.

"A strong brain in a sickly body is like a library in a barn."

Members of the class of 1907 will please remember that it was agreed upon at one of the class meetings that an assessment of fifty cents be paid to the treasurer or his collector. Students must realize that it is extremely difficult to keep after the members. We therefore exhort you to pay as soon as possible. The collectors are Misses Lewis and Durgin and Messrs. Thorndike and Stebbins.

'08

Annette Washburn — Augustus B. Booth

Wonder what the attraction is in making blue prints? Sweet Alice and Alvin seem to find time to absent themselves from Class C studio.

Found! Jim Brennan.

Who has not tried on the tuxedo?

"Still working as hard as at the beginning of year," comes the report from various studios. We hope that this record may be kept up until the last.

Death scene in studio, with professional mourner. Refrain repeated softly, "Oh, Why Did He Die?" (Did he die?)

Health notes:—

Ok——f ill.

Johnson brought to "life."

Balloon ascension—Who cut the string? Why couldn't he see anything funny to laugh at? (The balloon had just burst.)

She'd better get married than to die an old maid. (Hey, Tim?)

Why is Weaver so thirsty? Is he on the water wagon? Oh, no!

'09

Lillian Holden — Chester B. Park

How about the two tickets, Molly? Are you so anxious to use up your book?

"Oh, I had the dandiest good time, honey!" How long are you going to keep that up, Grace? Sally has our sympathy.

Harvard! Harvard! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Continued on page 146

EXCHANGE

Helen F. Morton, Editor

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

All our exchanges show a great deal of improvement this month. But it is really amusing to note the sarcastic retorts in some of the exchange columns, and how sensitive some editors are to just criticism. Stroke them the right way and they purr, but on the other hand, let us go against the grain and our lives become endangered. Praise a publication, and adjectives cannot be found florid enough to repay the compliment; but criticise and the reply will be piquant remarks upon your own paper. Now this is not the proper spirit for an exchange column. Criticism should surely be gratefully received.

The *Classicum* for February came to us as a very pleasant surprise. It is by far the best number published this season. Ogden High School is blessed with "poem makers," for the paper abounds in clever verses. "The Athletic Herr Barker" is written after the style of "Hiawatha," and is very humorous.

The *Legenda* is one of our many friends who gives the detailed record of school events, and yet has a happy faculty of making them of interest to exchanges.

We are apt to find all kinds of literature in school publications, but it is hard to tolerate such differences as appear in the January number of the *Student Life*. The article on the late Dr. Harper is intelligently written, and then in that same paper, almost the next page, the editor writes an editorial in which every other word is slang, for instance: "As head of the department of music, Professor G. W. Thatcher has delivered the goods," etc., all through the article. It hardly becomes an editor to resort to such expressions.

We enjoy reading the *Andrew College Journal*. The literary matter of this paper is always of a superior quality.

It is consoling to learn, through the *Tech*, that we are not the only people who are haunted by that never-ceasing cry, "Class dues."

Better, though difficult, the right way to go
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

— John Bunyan.

Class Notes

Continued from page 144

How many have passed in the furniture and model certificates? If you have not done so—beware!

The Walrus said—what did it say, Fanny?

We wonder if anybody in Studio B can tell where Hudson is?

Didn't we have a dandy time at the A. B. C. dance Monday night!

We notice that Tommy's fair fiancee has moved into Studio B to make life happy for him. We wish him joy (Miss C.). Happy or miserable, which?

Ruth C. used to take a (K) napp now and then. Does she now?

Studio A was treated to a charming entertainment the other day by Miss A. Prescott Knight, who showed wonderful versatility in assuming the character of a Greek goddess, Happy Hooligan, and other well-known personages.

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